

FOR EDITOR  
GEN. R. B. HAY  
FOR LIEUTENANT  
GEN. JOSEPH  
FOR SURGEON  
JOHN WELCH  
FOR ATTORNEY  
JAMES H. GODMAN  
FOR TREASURER  
SYDNEY S. WARNER  
FOR ATTORNEY  
WILLIAM H. WEST  
FOR CONTROLLER OF THE  
MOSES R. BRALLY  
FOR MEMBER OF BOARD OF PUBLIC  
PHILIP HEAZING

## Facts for the People.

Keep it before the people, that the coming election they are not only to pass upon great questions of national policy, but they are also to determine whether the administration of their State and local governments is to remain in the hands of loyal men, or be transferred to copperheads and rebels.

Keep it before the people, that the representative men of the Democratic party of Ohio, to-day, are the same men who, during the war, encouraged the rebellion, denounced our government as a despotism, and our brave soldiers as "cut-throats" and "hiredlings."

Keep it before the people, that these are the men who could see in the rebellion nothing but a brave struggle for constitutional liberty, while they denounced every effort of the government to suppress the rebellion as an act of tyranny and usurpation of power.

Keep it before the people, that these are the same men who have ever been ready to extol and praise every man conspicuous in the cause of secession, and equally ready to denounce and stigmatize every man conspicuous in the cause of the Union. Read through the files of the "Gallipoli Dispatch" during the war, and every column of editorial matter will substantiate the charge.

Keep it before the people, that these are the same men whose faces brightened at the news of every confederate victory, and grew dark when the Union armies triumphed.

Keep it before the people, that these are the same men who refused to vote a single dollar or a single man to coerce rebels into obedience to the laws of the country, and did all in their power to make the rebellion a success.

Keep it before the people, that these are the same men who are in favor of the immediate and unconditional restoration of rebels to office and power, to the exclusion of loyal men, and without any guarantees for the future peace and security of the country.

Keep it before the people, that these are the same men who, having failed to destroy the nation in war, are now seeking to undermine the financial credit of the government, both at home and abroad, and thus bring ruin and disgrace upon the country.

Keep it before the people, that these are the same men who are clamoring for the repudiation of our national debt, and all these sacred obligations which the government and the people assumed in order to raise means to defray the expenses of the war.

Keep it before the people, that the views, principles and designs of these men are the same as when they supported the traitor Vallandigham as their candidate for Governor, and that, if they get control of the government, they will administer it in the interests of secession, rebellion and treason.

Keep it before the people, that it is bad policy, in times of peace and security, to reward the men who deserted and betrayed their country in her hour of need.

Keep it before the people, that this copperhead howl of "negro equality" and "unequal taxation" is false and malicious, and used merely to blind the people to the day, viz: whether loyal men or rebels shall control the administration and policy of our government.

A newly-fledged parent who has undoubtedly been too curiously impertinent in domestic matters, asks, "Can putting a clean shirt on a baby be properly called shifting the responsibility?"—Exchange.

That depends upon the gender.—Masculine, shift; feminine, shift; neuter gender, neither one nor t'other, the editor of the Dispatch—shifts the "responsibility."

The Ironton Register reported the mercury at one hundred degrees, one day last week, in that town, and that several persons actually melted. Soap-grease must be plentiful in that place. What a delicious roll the editor of the Dispatch could have there.

The wealth of Detroit this year is assessed at over twenty-three millions.

## The "Bondocracy" and the patch.

Our neighbor of the Dispatch still keeps up his howl on "taxation, bondocracy," &c. Would it not be well for him to stop a moment and inquire who constitute this so-called bondocracy? We can answer him in a very few words—the loyal people of the country, who in the hour of their country's need came forward without distinction, both rich and poor, and each according to his means contributed to the necessities of the government. These constitute the bondocracy, so hateful in the sight of the Dispatch. And the U. S. bonds merely represent this generous loan of the whole people, to furnish the Government with resources to prosecute the war against the rebellion.

And the attempt on the part of the editor of the Dispatch to create the impression that these bonds are owned by a few wealthy men, and that the people are ground down with taxes to add to the wealth of these favored few, is simply absurd and ridiculous. It is the trick of the demagogue. The people own the bonds. They are scattered throughout the whole land, in village and hamlet as well as in the cities. The poor have invested their hundreds in them, as well as the rich their thousands and millions. And we venture the assertion, that there is hardly a single family in the whole country that is not more or less directly interested in sustaining this faith and credit. When the editor of the Dispatch, therefore, clamors for the repudiation of our national obligations, he strikes at the poor man as well as the rich. Repudiation of our bonds, is ruin to the poor man who has his hundred dollars invested in them, as well as to the rich man who has his hundred thousand.

The poor man loses his all, the rich man can do no more. A moment's reflection shows that the silly twaddle of the Dispatch about "bondocracy, taxation and oppression of the people, &c., &c." is without any foundation in fact. We are all alike interested in sustaining the credit of our bonds. It is the peoples' debt, made by the people, owned by the people, and will be paid by the people, in spite of the croakings of the Dispatch. The charge is false, slanderous and malicious, and used only as an electioneering dodge with the people, for the purpose of ousting loyal men from office to make room for rebels and copperheads.

SWALLOWED HIMSELF.—The editor of the Dispatch made the bold declaration that he was after rascals, and last week we expressed a doubt whether it was his party or himself that he intended to swallow. That doubt, however, was removed by the last number of the little ge-arter snake, which shows a transmutation into a full grown anaconda, and "be the powers of Moll Ryan's pitcher," the varmint is in the very act of swallowing itself. Before entering upon a description of the bolting process, we advise the reader to hold his nose, for the choice language is from the editor's "sharp pen," and when given full scope there is something foul in his composition. We only make the application.

The editor of the Dispatch is "a worn out, effete, bloated, vile and degraded, black-hearted, lying, unprincipled" copperhead, who deals in nothing but "detraction, falsehood and calumny." His "rottenness" is only intensified and quickened the fatal galloping consumption preying upon the vitals of "copperheadism." "That mass of mottled putrifying uncleanness, that gangrened walking viper, that crawling leprosy, will inoculate anything with the seeds of speedy dissolution to which it attaches"—even the copperhead party.

There, the task is accomplished, the reptile of the Dispatch has swallowed itself, and we hope is doing well. *Requi escat in—ansoada.*

Governor Morton's health continues to improve at Hot Springs, Arkansas.

One of the missing Sepoys, 21st Regiment native infantry, or marine battalion, who accompanied Dr. Livingston's expedition, returned this day from Zanzibar. News has been received from the doctor. He was alive and well, and the bayonet 21st regiment native infantry or marine battalion, and the Nasseik boys were with him.

S. THACKER.  
Comd'g 21st Reg't Native Inf'y.

PHILANTHROPOS.

AL.—Comparatively few are aware of the beauty of the scenery of the Falls of the Ohio. Not long since several others, while there, met and other persons, and they had crossed the river, and inspected the Falls. C. H., by the way, is a very able man when in the Cannell.

We returned in the evening to the Falls, and as we journeyed along the mountain, saw below us beautiful valleys, with here and there caves, gorges and cascades. Although deer and bear haunt the solitude, the rattlesnake and the copperhead lie unharmed in their dens, and wild forests still grow upon the mountains.

Below the Falls, and in the rugged cliffs that overhang the valley. On the route we passed Camp Loup Creek, but now, in the place of tents and artillery, we saw fields of waving corn and grass, and the people we saw, instead of carrying Springfield rifles, were armed with plow or hoe. The remnants of the works were there, but so surrounded with the growing crop as to be scarcely visible. The shoals of Loup, with the rushing water that almost drowned our voices were soon passed, and in a short time we were at Montgomery's Ferry, just below the Falls.

It was here the supplies for the troops stationed at Fayette were taken across the river, and thence by wagon via Cotton Mountain.

A journey of a quarter of a mile from the ferry and we are at the Falls of the Kanawha. Before us is a perpendicular fall of twenty-two feet, and the water, after gathering head in its flight from the mountains of North Carolina, comes rushing madly over the rocks, forming with the surroundings a scene of magnificence and grandeur, that no pen can describe.

At the Falls House we met a kind reception from the hostess, Mrs. HALE. The house in years long gone by was the stopping place of Clay and Frey, and the Western delegation to Congress, who traveled this route to reach Washington. It is a commodious brick edifice, and those who visit it are made at home.

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The road up New River for a distance of three miles is a continuous ascent, and contains an incredible number of rocks. But despite the difficulties, it was picturesque, and when Tompkins' farm was reached, we were repaid by a view of the three rivers apparently at our feet, and yet three miles from us. Cotton Mountain rose far above us on the other side of the river, and the valley for miles above with its many beauties was before us.

From Tompkins' to the Hawk's Nest our route lay along the side of the mountain. Here and there we passed a small farm, with its cabin and other indications of improvement, until at last we reached the Hawk's Nest, and gazed from its giddy height.

Terrible in its grandeur, we half from very fear. Fourteen hundred feet below us the waters of the river wash the base of the rock on which we stand. Huge trees grow below us looking no larger than pigmy shrubs. The river has dwindled in our sight to a small stream, the murmur of whose waters are heard as they leap from rock to rock in haste to escape imprisonment among the mountains. Look where we will and the scene is grand in the extreme—before and on either side of us the mountains are piled one on top of the other until the eye wears and turns for relief to the river, that for miles can be seen plunging and rushing on its course through the mountain gorges. But it requires a more gifted pencil than mine to paint the beauties to be seen from such a look-out. The view from the Hawk's Nest alone will repay the journey. The "Lover's Leap" and other points of scarcely less grandeur and beauty are near—all of which we visited.

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A journey of a quarter of a mile from the ferry and we are at the Falls of the Kanawha. Before us is a perpendicular fall of twenty-two feet, and the water, after gathering head in its flight from the mountains of North Carolina, comes rushing madly over the rocks, forming with the surroundings a scene of magnificence and grandeur, that no pen can describe.

At the Falls House we met a kind reception from the hostess, Mrs. HALE. The house in years long gone by was the stopping place of Clay and Frey, and the Western delegation to Congress, who traveled this route to reach Washington. It is a commodious brick edifice, and those who visit it are made at home.

Two miles above the Falls the Gauley River and New River meet and together form the Kanawha. The famous Gauley Bridge is gone. In 1861 the rebel Gen. Wise on his retreat from the valley destroyed it. It was replaced by our Government and again destroyed in 1862, when the rebel General Loring forced our troops to leave.

We saw remnants of fortifications and many of the marks that armies leave behind them.

The road up New River for a distance of three miles is a continuous ascent, and contains an incredible number of rocks. But despite the difficulties, it was picturesque, and when Tompkins' farm was reached, we were repaid by a view of the three rivers apparently at our feet, and yet three miles from us. Cotton Mountain rose far above us on the other side of the river, and the valley for miles above with its many beauties was before us.

From Tompkins' to the Hawk's Nest our route lay along the side of the mountain. Here and there we passed a small farm, with its cabin and other indications of improvement, until at last we reached the Hawk's Nest, and gazed from its giddy height.

Terrible in its grandeur, we half from very fear. Fourteen hundred feet below us the waters of the river wash the base of the rock on which we stand. Huge trees grow below us looking no larger than pigmy shrubs. The river has dwindled in our sight to a small stream, the murmur of whose waters are heard as they leap from rock to rock in haste to escape imprisonment among the mountains. Look where we will and the scene is grand in the extreme—before and on either side of us the mountains are piled one on top of the other until the eye wears and turns for relief to the river, that for miles can be seen plunging and rushing on its course through the mountain gorges. But it requires a more gifted pencil than mine to paint the beauties to be seen from such a look-out. The view from the Hawk's Nest alone will repay the journey. The "Lover's Leap" and other points of scarcely less grandeur and beauty are near—all of which we visited.

Our return to the Falls was accomplished with little trouble, and after resting a day and visiting the scenes of interest around, we started for Fayette C. H., via Cotton Mountain. Crossing the river at Montgomery's Ferry we commenced the ascent. After traversing five miles of mountain road we at length reached the top, and found ourselves at a great altitude than we had anticipated. In the distance, almost as far as eye could reach, we saw the crest of the Big Sewell, and below us and stretching far away, were the mountains that skirt New River.

On the route we passed over several miles of "Corduroy" pike, constructed by the Government during the time our troops occupied Fayette. The pleasant drive down the mountain and along the uplands we reached Fayetteville, the capital of Fayette county. Previous to the war it was a pleasant place. Before the close of the rebellion it was entirely destroyed with the exception of the jail and two dwelling houses. The works that were here constructed yet remain as monuments to the genius of engineering. From the one erected in 1863 by the gallant General Scammon, we had a view of the battle field of 1862, when the brave old German, Col. Sieber made heroic defense against the overpowering forces of Loring, and although compelled to retreat, did so with skill and heroism, leaving blood and marks upon the foe at almost every step from his works to the Falls.

At Fayetteville a new Court-house has been erected, and the town bears evidences of prosperity—many of the old residents having returned and commenced rebuilding their homes. We returned in the evening to the Falls, and as we journeyed along the mountain, saw below us beautiful valleys, with here and there caves, gorges and cascades. Although deer and bear haunt the solitude, the rattlesnake and the copperhead lie unharmed in their dens, and wild forests still grow upon the mountains.

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